SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1788. THE NUMBER 26.

New-York Weekly Museum.

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ASSIZE of BREAD,
Established in Common Council, Dec. 5, 1787.

A Loaf of inspected superfine Wheat Flour, to weigh Two Pounds Five Ounces, for Six-Pence.

A Loaf of Rye Flour, to weigh One Pound Twelve Ounces, for Three Pence.

THE DELINEATOR, NUMBER XI.

To the DELINEATOR,

SIR,

Some wits judiciously *have ſtil'd a* wife,
The dear bought curſe and lawful plague of life;
A boſom ſerpent, a domeſtic evil,
A night invaſion, and a mid-day devil.

AND ſo ſhe is! I have not been married above fifty days, and I have curſed matrimony fifty thouſand times. A pretty young minx, eſcaped from her boarding-ſchool, and ruſhing into the field of matrimony, is a devil broke looſe from her chains. Oh, curſed is that poor ſoul's lot who is chained to her ſide, who is linked to her freaks and her folly! He has a thorn in his ſide, and there is a dagger under his pillow.

Such a wretch am I. On the 25th of July laſt, I conducted my dear from the *boarding-ſchool for young ladies* near ———, to town in a ſtick. We were married, and lived like doves till the end of three weeks. It was then the ſtorm commenced. She contradicted me, and contradicts me ſtill; talked of refining my ſentiments, and new modelling my family; and inſiſted upon living like people of faſhion, without conſidering that her father is a leather-ſeller, and my father a bricklayer. I know not how it is, Sir, but ſhe is not half ſo pretty as when I married her: Her bloom is tarniſhed, and her eye is perfectly lack-luſtre:—In ſhort, ſhe ſays I look like a bear, and I begin to think ſhe looks like a devil.

My carpets, which were rather anciently faſhioned, ſhe has ſent to a ſecond-hand warehouſe, and covered my room with new ones, ſelected from the laſt importations. My hyſon tea is diſtilled to me every morning from a ſilver fountain; and, to complete the jeſt, ſhe told me the other morning, that ſhe would ſend me to a dancing-ſchool, where grown gentlemen are taught to dance, in order to 'ſquire her every aſſembly-night to the ſubſcription-room.

Will you hear more? or is not this enough?—I'll tell you what, old boy—If I ſuffer all this, may I never touch two-pence!—I'll twit my fair one day and night, like *Petruchio*, with croſs purpoſes, and pinch this dear rib of mine to the bone. In a word, Sir, the ſole purpoſe of this letter, is to aſk your aſſiſtance in teaching me to be fully revenged of her—Grant this, and I'll pray for you while I have a tooth in my head.

TIMOTHY SADLIFE.

The caſe of this poor gentleman really touches me, as he had not, according to his own relation, the common connubial comforts even of a honey-mouth. The enchantment was broke, the charm diſſolved, and matrimony loſt all its luſtre in three weeks. In the ſpace of three ſhort weeks Mr *Sadlife* found out, what he ought to have diſcovered many months ago—that novelty, from its very nature, is a ſhort-lived quality; that his fair one's tongue is loud, her charms are mortal. It is too often the buſineſs of *Hymen* to open the eyes of *Cupid*. The human paſſions are for ever wandering; Rapture is generally followed by Languor; and thoſe tranſports which come to us in haſte, are always in haſte to be gone.—But Mr. *Sadlife* ſeems too impatient; from the fury and vehemence of his letter, I ſuſpect him of being aiding and abetting in inflaming his Lady's paſſion, and in diſtroying his own peace. When your wife, Mr *Sadlife*, has an inclination to play the vixen; what do you, by reſiſting her, but oppoſe fire to fire, and gave the flame double ſtrength? Give your frail companion full play, and, like the whale, ſhe will ſoon weary all her powers, and effect her own overthrow. Do this, and you'll conquer her by the gentleſt means; her humour, by being no longer oppoſed, will loſe its fiery qualities by degrees; and in proportion as you grow indulging, ſhe will grow loving. You will begin, at length, to think ſhe does not look quite like a devil; her bloom will recover its ſofoneſs, and her eye its luſtre.

When the huſband, forgetting his dignity, honour, and ſtation, becomes an humble ſuitor to dangle with this bridge of folly, let the wife, like a good-natured *Scottiſh* dame, give way to the good man's humour; and when ſhe, inſtigated by ſpleen or vapours, inſiſt on her ſhare of the *honours*, let her loving mate return the compliment.

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ON THE DANGER OF PLEASURES.

A Derviſe, remarkable for the ſanctity of his life, went one day to a confectioner: the maſter of the ſhop, eager to entertain the holy man, preſented to him a vaſe filled with honey; but ſcarcely had he uncovered it, when a legion of flies ſettled upon it, the confectioner took a fan in order to put them to flight, the flies which were on on the edges of the vaſe eaſily ſaved themſelves; but thoſe who, more greedy, had thrown themſelves into the middle, were clogged by the honey, and could not fly away.——The Derviſe, abſorbed in a profound reverie, examined this ſight with great attention; and when he recovered himſelf, a deep ſigh eſcaped from him. The confectioner, ſurprized, aſked him the cauſe of it. The vaſe (ſaid the Derviſe) I am conſidering as this world, and theſe flies as the inhabitants of it; thoſe who have ſtopt upon the border of the vaſe reſemble the wiſe, who ſetting bounds to their deſires, do not run, like madmen, after pleaſures, but content themſelves with moderately taſting of them; the flies who have plunged into the middle of the vaſe, repreſent thoſe who, giving the reins to their irregular paſſions, abandon themſelves, without any reſtraint, to all ſorts of ſenſuality.

When the angel of death arriving with a rapid flight on the ſurface of the earth, ſhall make his tremendous wings, the men who ſhall have ſtopt on the borders of the vaſe of this world, will freely take their flight, and ſoar with felicity and rapture towards the celeſtial country.——But thoſe, who, ſlaves to their paſſions, ſhall have plunged themſelves into the empoiſoned vaſe of pleaſures, will ſink more and more into it, and will be precipitated into the fathomleſs abyſs.

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MAXIMS and REFLECTIONS, recommended to the Conſideration of the LADIES.

XXII. WHEN a woman is pleaſed with flattery, ſhe is not diſpleaſed with the flatterer. She may proceed from this to ſhew him marks, though innocent, of her favor; and it is highly probable, if not abſolutely certain, that the huſband who ſees a man complimenting his wife, and ſees that he is a favourite with her, will be uneaſy. If he comes to an explanation, there will be ſome diſquiet, no ſuſpicion, however ſlight, on ſo nice a point, will touch a wife nearly. If he be ſilent, he will continue to obſerve, and the jealous eye ſees more than there is. Her civilities, though innocent, may be fatal to her; her huſband will loſe his peace, and after that her's will be of no long continuance.

XXIII. The greateſt part of thoſe who viſit a new married woman, come as ſpies upon her conduct, and they have no other wiſh but to repreſent her to diſadvantage. A bride is an object of common obſervation; every company is pleaſed with hearing ſome account of her; and as the world is more fond of ſatire than of praiſe, thoſe who mention her will be moſt fond of opportunities of doing it to her diſcredit. A bride is like a new made miniſter of ſtate, every trifling part of her behavior or converſation is examined, and not with the beſt natured eyes.

XXIV. While a woman believes her huſband conſtant, it will be of little concern to him what the world ſuppoſes; but as ſoon as ſhe ſuſpects he is otherwiſe, he will be ſo. It has been ſaid of women, that unjuſt ſuſpicions have rendered them bad, when they would have been, if not injured by theſe ſuſpicions, innocent. It may be aſſerted that with the men the obſervation has weight. She who ſuſpects that ſhe has a falſe huſband, and owns that ſuſpicion, will never, have a true one.

XXV. The woman who is *maſqued*, under the pretence of being known and unknown, will bear a thouſand things, which, if ſhe was under a neceſſity of confeſſing who ſhe was, ſhe could not; and the aſſiſtance of this to the liberty which a man takes, who pretends to be between jeſt and earneſt, gives opportunities to things the moſt intolerable.

XXVI. Gentleneſs of manners, and ſoftneſs of heart, are the moſt amiable characteriſtics of a woman. Let man, like the ſtrong oak, brave the ſtorm, and ſtand unmoved amidſt the rage of it: Let woman, like the weeping willow, yield to every blaſt, or, like the ſenſitive plant, ſhrink from every preſſure.

The FOOL, Number III.

HAPPENING a few evenings ago in company with some gentlemen, when the conversation turned chiefly on books and readers,—an old gentleman who had sat very attentive for some time, made the following remarks; and as I am entirely of his opinion, I have penned them down:——

"The majority of readers ramble through "books as post-boys ride through town, merely "for dispatch, and when they arrive at the end, "can tell you as little of the contents as those "who carry the mails can of the letters inclosed "in them. The former perhaps will tell you how "many pages they have read, and the latter how "many miles they have rode; but if you want "any farther information, you will probably go "without it.

"There are some men who read with so much "rapidity, that they never retain any thing they "meet with. There is my friend Pedro reads "every thing and remembers nothing, from the "first leaf to the last, he lets not a word escape "his eye, but not a sentence makes an impression "on his mind, and yet Pedro, with all his for-"getfulness, has an excellent memory, a prodi-"gious recollection—he will tell you most ex-"actly the titles of all the books he has ever "read, the names of the printers, and the edi-"tions they have gone through, not omitting "head and tail pieces, and other occasional or-"naments which strike his attention. You will "ask of what use is such a memory—Pedro reads "for diversion not drudgery—he amuses himself, "he thinks of nothing else—communication af-"terwards he has no notion of.—The increase of "knowledge which Pedro receives, will never "increase his sorrow, for sorrow is only a trou-"blesome guest to those who think on what they "read—the literary glutton never hurts his head, "nor with all his voracity, suffers, from indi-"gestion, which is the cause of so much disquie-"tude to the devourer of animal food."

New-York, November 5, 1788.

Foreign Intelligence.

LONDON, *August* 28.

Extract of a letter from Paris, August 15.

"One instance of courage exerted in the cause of humanity is more interesting to me (and so I know it to be to you) than all the details of all the sieges and battles that ever happened since the creation of the world. The 8th of last month presented a memorable confirmation of this truth in the neighbourhood of St. Cloud, where, while a youth named Francis Potel, of the age of 22 years, was at work in the fields, with his father and brothers, a cart with six persons in it by accident overset, and fell into the river. Melted by the cries of the seemingly-devoted victims, he instantly plunged into the water, and being an excellent swimmer, brought one of them safely on shore. He then returned to save, if possible, the rest. In this attempt he was equally successful, though he experienced more danger; for, on reaching two more of the party (a woman and a man) the former unfortunately seized him by the hair, the latter by the arm, and with both, in their despairing struggles, he thus sunk to the bottom. At length, however, he rescued himself from their clutches, when, having again reached the shore, and perceiving the unhappy creatures again floating upon the surface of the water, he boldly plunged back to their relief, and brought them also on shore, though not without a perilous struggle which lasted at least three quarters of an hour. Overcome with fatigue, he now found himself forced to desist from his god-like enterprize. On this the father, though much advanced in years, resolutely plunged in, and had the good fortune to save anoteer woman and a boy. Of the whole number only one little girl was drowned; and she, it is supposed, must have sunk under the horse, which, together with the cart, has never been seen since. An action like this requires no comment; for to a breast of sensibility like your's amply does it illustrate its own glory."

We hear from Lyons, that the receiver General of the finances at that place, has run off, leaving a deficiency of 1,200,000 livres.

The Tarter, Capt. Frost, with 400 slaves on board, was blown up in coming off the coast, and all on board perished.

Sept. 8. A letter from Copenhagen, dated August 12 says:—"The Prince Royal, accompanied by the two Princes of Hesse, are arrived safe here amidst the general joy of the people, who wanted to draw his carriage, but which he desired them to desist. On his voyage on the other side of Kullen his Highness met three ships, one Dutch, one English, and one American, neither of which though his flag was flying, paid him the usual compliment, in consequence of which he fired a shot through the sails of the Dutchman, who however did not yield until another shot was fired into his cabin, on which he and the other saluted. The Prince likewise passed both the Russian and Swedish fleets, who each saluted him."

An insurrection happened lately at Vienna, on account of the scarcity of bread, and even that scarcity short of weight, and held back from sale in order to enhance the price. The town guard was repulsed by the mob, and the bakers ill treated, but the regiments of Kaunitz and Lasey restored the public peace, and government is enquiring into the frauds of the bakers, for the purpose of punishing the culpable, to whom alone the commotion is attributed.

By advices yesterday morning from Petersburgh, we learn that the Swedes and Russian armies have had an engagement in Finland, in which several battalions of Swedish chasseurs suffered much, and one of their advanced posts were captured. The grand Duke of Russia is still at Wyburgh.

By advices from Madrid, which arrived yesterday morning, we learn, that the Moors made a vigorous attack upon the fortress of Ceuta the 27th of July, in consequence of which several additional regiments have been ordered to proceed thither with all possible dispatch.

The courier between Warsaw and Dautzick was found murdered lately on the road. The cart and horse were at a small distance. The mail was opened, and some few letters taken out. As this post is known never to carry any specie with it, many suppose he was murdered for some particular purpose.

In the late engagement between the Russian and Swedish fleets, the loss of the Russian fleet was 319 killed, and 666 wounded, exclusive of the killed and wounded on board the Russian ship that was taken, which amounted to near 300. Total about 1300.

In an article in the Hamburg Gazette, dated St. Petersburg, August 8, there is an account of a further engagement between the Russians and the Turks on the 14th of July, near Beodissi, which proved eminently successful on the part of the Russians. The fleet of the Empress consisted of two ships of the line of 66 guns each, four of 50, eight of 40, and twenty-four smaller vessels, under the command of Vice-Admiral Wainowich, the Captain Pacha, commanded fifteen ships of the line, three bombs, and a number of frigates, on the part of the Turks. The engagement lasted five hours, and after a severe cannonading and throwing of shells by the Turkish squadron, the Turks were beaten, and obliged to quit the scene of action. According to the Russians account, they lost only five men, and had but two wounded, and they took a chebecque from the Turks.

It is reported, that Paul Jones died on the Black Sea, of a putrid fever.

A forgery has been detected on the Glasgow Merchant Banking Company. Their one pound notes have been counterfeited with considerable art.

American Intelligence.

SALEM, *October* 21.

Captain Molly, arrived since our last, from the West-Indies. On the 23d ult. lat. 34, 50, spoke Capt. B. Lasel, from Port-au-Prince to Wells, dismasted and short of water—kept company three days and made land, but a gale of wind compelled him to quit her three days after.—Next morning saw a deck afloat, but not thought to belong to the vessel above-mentioned.

CHARLESTON, *Oct.* 20.

Friday afternoon, Captain Bosworth, arrived here in 12 days from Boston. On Friday sennight he fell in with a gale of wind, to the northward of Cape Hatteras; the day after which, saw some green chairs, apples, and a great quantity of lumber, chests, &c. floating on the water.

RICHMOND, *Oct* 29.

Married—Thomas Lee, Esq. eldest son of Richard Henry Lee, Esq. to Miss Mildred Washington, youngest daughter of Col. John Augustine Washington, and niece to Gen. Washington.

As Mr Edmund Harrison one of the delegates from Prince George county, Virginia, was riding from Petersburgh to Richmond, on his way to the Assembly, his horse took fright, and in passing between two trees, broke Mr. Harrison's thigh—but we learn he is in a fair way of recvery.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 1.

On Monday night last at about 11 o'clock, in Third, between South and Lombard-streets, a gentleman was attacked by 8 or 9 ruffians, who, to effect their villainous purposes, stabbed him in the back with a bayonet, or sword, and cut him under the chin with a pen-knife; they took from him his shoe-buckles, and hat—and then dispersed each a different way. We are happy to find that the wounds the gentleman received, are by no means dangerous.

A correspondent informs us, that he has the best authority for contradicting the article in our paper of the first of October last, respecting the appearance of a Comet,—A strict and judicious search has been made with telescopes for it, but none such has appeared. Some ignorant person must have mistaken the planet Venus, or the star Arcturus, for a Comet.

We are informed that a gentleman is arrived in town from Carlisle, who brings information of a fire having lately happened in that town, which destroyed four houses and other property to a considerable amount: but we have no particulars of this disagreeable event.

Saturday evening about 8 o'clock, 3 villains entered the house of Mr. Havard, near the Valley Forge, and putting a pistol to his head, forced him to deliver his keys, and after securing the family, robbed the house of cash, &c. to the amount of 80 pounds, with which they made off.

NEW-YORK, NOVEMBER 8.

To-morrow a CHARITY SERMON will be preached, and a collection made in the forenoon, at St. George's Chapel, for the benefit of the CHARITY SCHOOL, in this city. An Anthem adapted to the occasion, will be sung by the Scholars.

N. B. Should the weather prove unfavorable the sermon will be postponed until the Sunday following.

An account of the disaster of the sloop Sally, Capt. Samuel Howell, of New-Haven,

"About the 10th of August last, she sailed from Gaudaloupe for Bonaire, to procure salt, but as the article was not to be had there, she left that port, and sailed for this. On the 15th, a little to the eastward of Hispaniola, they were overtaken by a violent gale, which overset the vessel, shifted her ballast, carried away her mast, bowsprit, main-sail, square-sail and jibb, and greatly damaged her cargo; after lying several hours on her beam ends, the sea making a continued breach over her, she at last righted—On the 18th, at night, spoke a brig bound to St. Domingo, which, on the morning of the 19th, took her in tow, but quitted her the 20th at noon, near said port; and some boats from thence came to her assistance and took her in tow, but a strong lee current setting in, and being apprehensive of driving on the rocks, and night coming on, all the boats quitted her excepting one, which continued by her till the next morning, in which Capt. Howell, and one of his people, went ashore to procure other boats; but when they returned, the sloop had drifted out of sight, and Capt. Howell, with the boats went into port again.—However, by getting up a small sail, keeping in close with the island, and being favoured with a moderate breeze, the sloop got into the harbour of [illegible] el, on Hispaniola,"

Capt. Joseph Smith in the brig Polly, of Middletown, on his passage from the West-Indies, lost overboard John K. Whitmore, son of Mr Francis Whitmore of Middletown.

On Tuesday last put in here in distress, the brig Providence, Capt. Wheeler, in 25 days from New-Providence, bound to North Carolina.

On Monday last His Excellency WILLIAM LIVINGSTON, Esq. was re-elected Governor of New-Jersey, by the legislature of that state, now in session at Princeton.

A gentleman lately from Dunkirk (says a Charleston paper) relates the following event:—He was walking out of town, and saw at a distance, a vast number of people, all on foot. Amidst the croud he could distinguish some persons of superior rank; when they drew near he asked the occasion of this procession, and was informed that the young man of quality who walked first, had been bit by a mad dog; the consequence of which were so violent that they could not get him into a carriage, though it was a considerable journey he had made to bathe in the sea. Amidst the distortions and ravings of his distemper, might discerned a most beautiful face, and fine figure. He was attended by several footmen: some of whom held him with cords, fastened in such a manner that he had liberty to walk, yet not to hurt himself; the people followed weeping, with an old Governor almost as mad as his pupil; but the situation of the father and mother, who made up this unhappy suite, was beyond all description. They attempted to go with their son to the sea, but the lady, from violent agitations of hope and fear, fainted, and was carried away as dead. The father persisted in seeing the operation of bathing performed several times, for several days, but without success. They were reduced at length to the cruel necessity (from the torments which the young man had suffered) to call a consultation of physicians on the most gentle manner of putting him to death. Bleeding was agreed on, and accordingly executed. This affair must have been terrible to the most indifferent parents; unhappily these were distinguished for a most sincere paternal affection for their unfortunate son.

Married—On Friday night, by the Rev. Mr. Moore, Mr. JAMES HARVEY, merchant, to the amiable Miss POLLY BARROW, both of this city.

Married—Last evening, by the Rev. Mr Moore, Mr. NICHOLAS WELLS, to the amiable Miss SARAH ROOME, both of this place.

DIED—On the second instant, at Bordentown, THOMAS READ, Esq, late master of the ship Alliance.

ARRIVALS *since our last.*

Packet Tankerville, Bell, Falmouth.

Brigs, Union, Desbon, Port-au-Prince. Jenny, Martin, Glasgow. Betty, Mitchel, Halifax. Providence, Wheeler, New-Providence. Amboy, Dykes, Cape Francois. Dolphin, Folger, do. Olive Branch, Tibbles, Port-au-Prince.

Schooners, Felicity, Bagley, Halifax. Polly, Todd, St. Thomas. Edward, Smith, Shelburne. Sally, Worth, Hallifax. Catharine, Aitkin, Shelburne. Regulator, White, Baltimore. Sincerity, White, do.

Sloops, Rambler, Paterson, Rhode-Island. General Greene, Godfrey, do.

SOLUTION to the REBUS in our last.

MORE constant than the turtle dove,
Nothing is, so all approve;
Passing by yon tufted grove
You'll see the beautious lad I love
More taudry than the dress he wears
Nothing—every body knows;
More fickle than the wind that blows,
Nothing—but a lovers vows;
What Bleakny fear'd amidst proud wars,
Nothing—he glory'd in his scars;
What strikes a dread in honest tars,
Nothing—they fear not winds or wars;
What brave Bing did to save Mahone,
Nothing—he wish'd himself at home;
Can ladies nothing call their own,
No—fame with every breath is blown;
What's sweeter than a mutual kiss,
Nothing—nothing you see unriddles this.

PHILETUS.

By his Excellency GEORGE CLINTON, Esq; Governor of the State of New-York, General and Commander in Chief of all the Militia, and Admiral of the Navy thereof,

A PROCLAMATION.

L. S. WHEREAS, *events have taken place since the rising of the Legislature, which render it necessary that they should be convened at an earlier day than that fixed by law, for their annual meeting—I DO THEREFORE, by these presents, require the Senate and Assembly to meet at the* CITY-HALL *of the City of* ALBANY, *on* Monday *the Eighth day of* December *next: Whereof all concerned are to take notice and govern themselves accordingly.*

Given under my Hand and the Privy Seal at the city of New-York, this thirteenth day of October, in the thirteenth year of the Independence of the said State.

GEO. CLINTON.

Messrs. PRINTERS,

THE time of life when fancy predominates is youth, and as example is prevalent liable to error—the season when judgment decides best is age—How comes it then that you permitted any thing to make its appearance in your paper which could wound the delicate mind. An admired author observes that language is to the understanding, what a gentle motion is to the body, a very great advantage. *Marvollo's* address to you confirms the above remark.—Sorry I am that your ideas are not equally refined, as by a decent hint, you would have set forth the impropriety of inserting an Enigmatical list, open to conviction, Hephestion would readily have subscribed to the old adage, "that an error gracefully acknowledged is a victory won" especially in a matter where the fair sex were concerned: He is fortunate, however in not being singular—the Editor of the American Magazine, is looked upon as a gentleman possessed of refined sentiments—Astonishing that he should admit of any thing in his publication which could offend that sex, whom he appears to venerate; and you will scarcely meet with a British Magazine but what has something of the kind inserted, without producing one *Marvollo* to excite the blush of modesty, by his *extreme delicacy* of *comparison* and *expression*.——Controvercy in a News-Paper is an insult on the public—The innocent intention of the subject, so *delicately ridiculed*, alone induces me to address you, and I confess my dulness and inability to reply in *Marvollo's elegance of expression*.—Seneca observes, wretched is that person whose peace lies at the mercy of man, in an injury offered let him say, if I have deserved this it is a judgment, if I have not tis an injustice, and the doer of it has more reason to be ashamed, than the sufferer; some are above our anger, others below it; to contend with our superiors were a folly, with our inferiors, and indignity.

Yours,
HEPHESTION.

Stop Thief!

STOLEN *off the counter of the store No.* 14, *William Street, last evening between the hours of* 5 *and* 8 *o'clock, (a girl of about twelve years of age being in the store at the time.)*

One piece, No. 78, 26 *yds. light blue bread-cloth, cost* 13/6 *per yard, supposed to be about* 3 *yards cut off.*

Half a piece printed linen, cost about 3*s per yard.*

Part of a piece of red cotton handkerchiefs.

One Homespun petticoat partly worn.

Whoever discovers the thieves or goods, will receive the grateful acknowledgments of the owner, and be handsomely rewarded for their trouble, by applying to the Printers, or at No. 14, *William Street.*

New-York, November 1, 1788. 25 3

To be SOLD,

A Likely Negro Wench, capable of doing all kinds of house-work, about 25 years of age.—For particulars, enqure of the Printers.

October 16, 1788.

JUST PUBLISHED,
And to be Sold at this Printing Office,
WHOLESALE and RETAIL,

ALMANACKS

For the YEAR of our LORD

1789.

Poet's Corner.

CELADON and CÆLIA.

THE ſilent night had reach'd her awful noon,
Serenely ſhone, the pale inconſtant moon,
All nature ſlept; not one ſoft whiſp'ring breeze
With gentle murmur ſlitted o'er the trees,
When heart-broke *Cælia* ſought the lonely grove,
And pour'd in theſe ſad ſtrains her luckleſs love:
"Ah, *Celadon*, (ſhe cry'd) falſe perjured youth,
Is this thy boaſted faith and plighted truth?
What! ſince my virtue's loſt and honour gone,
Doſt leave me thus defenceleſs and alone?
A mark for laughter and the public ſcorn,
O dreadful thought, too horrid to be borne.
What ſighs, what tears, falſe man, didſt thou expend
To gain ſo ſhameful and ſo baſe an end?
O, had I known thy thoughts and ſeen thy heart,
Vile hypocrite, I'd play'd a better part.
What ſolemn vows and promiſes you made,
Of endleſs love, when on my breaſt you laid?
And yet e'er night could bid her ſhadows fall,
To break, vile wretch, yes, baſely break them all.
O, if there's one that rules the world above,
May he revenge my ill-requited love.
If e'er again you ſee ſome fair one's charms,
And think t' entice her to your faithleſs arms,
May righteous heav'n avert your curſed aim,
And may you live the mark of public ſhame.
Ne'er think to reſt, ſince all my peace is fled,
'Twill ſoon be whiſper'd, "wretched *Cælia's* dead:"
And then my ghoſt ſhall from its priſon riſe,
And ſtalk a dreadful form before your eyes.
Each morn, you'll curſe the cheerful dawning light;
Each eve, you'll dread the dark approach of night;
'Till tir'd with life and worn with ceaſeleſs care,
At laſt you die a victim to deſpair."
Thus *Cælia* ſpoke, while heav'd her breaſt with ſighs,
Pale grew her cheek, and ſtream'd her tearful eyes.
Step after ſtep, ſhe ſlowly mov'd along,
Vex'd to the ſoul, with her imagin'd wrong,
When three loud ſhrieks proclaim'd a ſpectre nigh,
Three diſmal ſhrieks that fill'd the echoing ſky.
Alarm'd, ſhe ſtopp'd and paus'd; behind a ſound
Was heard, as when a robe ſweeps on the ground
Trembling ſhe turns, when ſtreight alas, too true!
A diſmal ghoſt ſtood all expos'd to view:
Bloody and pale it was, and crown'd with ſable yew.
Tho' much deform'd with wounds and many a ſtain,
Yet ſoon ſhe knew her *Celadon* again.
Her *Celadon* who, late ſo briſk and gay,
Had talk'd of nought but love the live-long day,
Now chang'd in garb, in action look and air,
With this ſad tale, addreſs'd the weeping fair:
"Why *Cælia*, why doſt call me from the tomb:
Or why provoke me to reveal my doom?
Had'ſt thou but ſpar'd thy curſes, cruel maid,
And not reproach'd thy hapleſs lover's ſhade,
Silent I'd ſlept, nor had the wiſp'ring breath
Of buſy fame, reveal'd to thee, my death:
But, ſince thou promis'd from thy tomb to riſe
And ſtalk a dreadful form before my eyes,
Lo! firſt, I come;———nay, turn thee not aſide,
And thou ſhalt hear, how I untimely dy'd.
Know then, on that ſad day, when laſt we laid
Breathing our mutual love beneath yon ſhade,
As late I homeward from theſe walks withdrew,
Elate with joy, and full of love and you,
Two thieves befet me, drag'd me to a wood,
Seiz'd all I had, and ſhed my reeking blood.
This is the whole; forbear, then, to purſue
My ghoſt with curſes, for I ſtill am true."
He ceas'd and vaniſh'd: fix'd in dread amaze,
Cælia ſtill ſeem'd on *Celadon* to gaze:
Then ſhrieking loud, ſhe fell, profoundly ſigh'd,
The vital current ſtopp'd,—ſhe ſwoon'd, ſhe dy'd.

THE MORALIST.

The INESTIMABLE VALUE of TIME.

EVERY hour you live is an hour given you to prepare for dying, and to ſave a ſoul. If you were but apprized of the worth of your own ſouls, you would better know the worth of days and hours, and of every paſſing moment; for they are giving to ſecure your immortal intereſt, and ſave a ſoul from everlaſting miſery. And you would be zealous and importunate in the prayer of Moſes, the man of God, upon a meditation of the ſhortneſs of life, Pſalm xc. 12. *"So teach us to number our days, as to "apply our hearts to wiſdom," i. e. So teach us to conſider how few and uncertain our days are, that we may be truly wiſe in preparing for the end of them.*

It is a matter of vaſt importance to be ever ready for the end of time; ready to hear this awful ſentence confirmed with the oath of the glorious angel, that "time ſhall be no longer." The terrors or the comforts of a dying bed depend upon it: the ſolemn and deciſive voice of judgment depends upon it: the joys and ſorrows of a long eternity depend upon it: go now careleſs ſinner, and in the view of ſuch things as theſe; go and trifle away time as you have done before; time, that invaluable treaſure: go, and venture the loſs of your ſouls, and the hopes of Heaven and your eternal happineſs, in waſting away the remnants of hours or moments of life: but remember the awful face of the angel is haſtening towards you, and the ſound is juſt breaking upon you that "Time ſhall be no longer."

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DROLLERY.

AN Iriſhman inquiring for one he wanted, at the place of his lodgings, was told by the landlady below, that if he went up two pair of ſtairs backward he would find him. Teague, miſtaking the woman, imagined the word backward, by which ſhe meant the ſituation of the room, denoted the manner in which he was to go to it; and accordingly thither he mounted, with his backſide foremoſt, curſing his friend bitterly when he had labored to the top, for living in a place that could not be come at without a man's taking ſuch a plaguy deal of pains, and turning his *face behind him.*

A SHIP's BOAT.

PICKED up a drift, a SHIP's BOAT, pretty much uſed. Any perſon proving property, and paying the neceſſary charges, may have it again, by applying to the ſubſcriber, living at Brooklyn-Ferry. THEODOSIUS HUNT.

Brooklyn-Ferry, October 27, 1788. 3

WANTED immediately, a GIRL of about eleven or twelve years of age, either white or black, that can be well recommended, in a ſmall family. For further particulars enquire at the Printing Office, No. 3, Peck-ſlip.

Jamaica Stage.

THE Subſcriber informs the public, that the JAMAICA STAGE-WAGGON, *will, on account of the ſeaſon, only run Mondays, Thurſdays, and Saturdays. To ſtart from Jamaica preciſely at nine o'clock in the morning, and will return from Mr. Baldwin's, at Brooklyn-Ferry, at half after three P. M. at the moderate price of 2ſ. and 6d for each paſſenger. Letters, baggage, &c. will be carefully attended to, by leaving them at Mr. Wilkins', New-York Ferry-ſtairs; at Mr. Baldwin's, Brooklyn, or at the Subſcriber's, Jamaica.*

WILLIAM WARNE.

N. B. Three pence for each letter forwarded by the waggon, and ſo in proportion for other baggage.

Jamaica, Long-Iſland, Oct. 24, 1788. 3

JUST PUBLISHED,
[*Price Two Shillings,*]
And to be SOLD by

THOMAS ALLEN,

Queen-ſtreet, corner of the Fly-market, New-York,

MONODY ON

Major ANDRE,

(Who was executed at Tappan, New-Jerſey, October 2, 1780.)

Written by Miſs SEWARD.

☞ The common beauties in this very elegant and affecting Poem, are a proof of the Author's exalted genius and abilities.

O! who can read this Tale of Woe without a tear?

To which are added,

Andre's LETTERS to Miſs Seward.

Of his wit and vivacity, the letters ſubjoined to this work will afford ample proof. They were addreſſed to her when he was at the age of 18.

Likewiſe are Added,

Major Andre's letters to his Excellency General Waſhington, and to Sir Henry Clinton, K. B. &c. &c. Alſo, Extract from a letter which appeared in the Pennſylvania Gazette, dated Oct. 25, 1780. The author ſuppoſed to be Colonel Hamilton, Aid-de-Camp to General Waſhington.

Alſo added, an entire new publication, called,

EDMUND of the VALE.

A Hermit's Tale, recorded by his own hand, and found in his cell.

This production is the performance of Miſs Sophia Lee, a lady to whom the public have been obliged for ſeveral very ingenious and elegant performances. *Critical Review.*

Printing, in its greateſt

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